DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

"Some years ago," says a writer, "there arrived at the Cataract House, Niagara Falls, an odd-looking man, whose appearance and deportment were quite in contrast with the crowds of well-dressed and polished figures which adorned that celebrated resort. He seemed to have just sprung from the woods; his dress, which was made of leather, stood dreadfully in need of repair, apparently not having felt the touch of a needle for many a long month. A worn-out blanket, that might have served for a bed, was buckled to his shoulders; a large knife hung on one side, balanced by a long rusty tin box on the other, and his beard uncropped, tangled and coarse, fell down upon his bosom, as if to counterpoise the weight of the thick, dark locks that supported themselves on his back and shoulders. This being, strange to the spectators, seemingly half civilized, half savage, pushed his steps into the sitting room, unstrapped his little burden, quietly looked around for the landlord, and modestly asked for breakfast. The host at first drew back with evident repugnance to receive this uncouth form among his genteel visitors, but a few words whispered in his ear satisfied him; and the stranger took his place in the company, some shrugging their shoulders, some staring, some laughing outright. Yet there was more in that one man than in the whole company. He had been entertained with distinction at the tables of princes; learned societies, to which the like of Cuvier belonged, had bowed down to welcome his presence; kings had been complimented when he spoke to them; in short, he was one whose fame will be growing brighter when the fashionables who laughed at him, and many much greater than they, shall have been forgotten. From every hill-top and deep, shady grove, the birds, those blossoms of the air, will sing his name. The little wren will pipe it with her matin hymn; the oriole carol it from the slender grasses of the meadows; the turtle-dove roll it through the secret forests; the many-voiced mocking-bird pour it along the air; and the imperial eagle, as he sits far up on the blue mountains, will scream it to the tempest and the stars. He was John J. Audubon, ornithologist."

Audubon was born in Louisiana in 1781, of French Protestant parents, and from his very earliest years exhibited a passion for birds and animals, spending days and weeks at a time in watching their habits and making careful drawings of every specimen he saw. At the age of fifteen, his father, perceiving his talent, sent him to Paris where he spent the next two years, taking among his other studies lessons in the school of the historical artist, David. Returning then to America, his father settled him on a plantation in Pennsylvania, and he soon afterwards married. But nothing could induce him to give up his natural history. For fifteen years he went every year on long expeditions, traversing the remote wilds of the forests, and would not see his family for months at a time. From his plantation he went to live in the village of Henderson on the banks of the Ohio, where he continued his expeditions and studies, and after some few years more he started for Philadelphia with a portfolio filled with over one thousand delineations of birds, all given in the natural colors. But here a terrible calamity befell him. Finding that his business would take him away from the city for some weeks he left his portfolio for safe keeping in the warehouse of a friend. But imagine his horror on his return to find that what had cost him years of severest toil had been in a few days totally destroyed by rats. So terrible was the shock that it threw him into a fever and for some time he lay at the point of death. But though dismayed he was not utterly cast down and on his recovery he plunged once more into the wilds and at the end of three years returned to his family, who had in the meantime returned to Louisiana, with his portfolio once more filled. After only a short stay there he started for England to exhibit the results of his labors there. In Liverpool, Manchester and Edinburgh he was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and his project to publish a work on the birds of America received a cordial support. At first, according to advice, he proposed to issue it in large quarto volumes, as the size that would be of the most practical use to its owners, and for which he would be likely to get the largest number of subscribers. But on further consideration he changed his mind and the work was issued in four immense volumes on the largest elephant folio paper with a whole page devoted to each species, every bird depicted in full size and in its natural colors. The first volume was issued in New York in 1830, the second in 1834, the third three years later and the fourth in 1839. The whole contained four hundred and thirty-five colored plates containing ten hundred and fifty-five figures of birds, all individually known to him and originally painted with his own hand. It was the most magnificent work of the kind ever given to the world and was characterized by the great naturalist Cuvier as the most magnificent monument ever raised by art to nature."

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

During the years of the publication of this great work he was many times back and forth across the Atlantic, now in Europe discussing his beloved science with the great naturalists there, and again plunged in the depths of the primeval American forest, traversing during that time the country from Labrador to Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Western Prairies. His second work was his American Ornithological Biography, filled with vivid pictures of the habits of the birds and the adventures of the writer.

After 1839 he went on no more solitary expeditions but was always accompanied by his two sons, Victor and John, who inherited much of his talents and zeal and one or two other naturalists. Between 1840 and 1850, he accomplished two more works. "The Quadrupeds of America," and a "Biography of American Quadrupeds," the latter being considered by many superior to his corresponding work on birds.

Personally Audubon was one of the happiest of men, and one of the most interesting of characters. He had a fine vigorous frame, a remarkable head and pleasing, expressive face. While his conversation was always animated and instructive, his manner was most unassuming. His nature was deeply religious and he often expressed his deep thanks to God for his loving family, his dear friends, and his large share of all that contributed to make life agreeable. At sixty-five years of age he possessed all the sprightliness and vigor of a young man, and his death at the age of seventy-one, was so peaceful that it was almost like a gentle falling asleep.

TWO LESSONS.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

"No, you cannot say anything to comfort me. I cannot feel that it is the act of a loving Father; it is too cruel and unjust. Why must I be stripped of all my worldly possessions, while others, no more worthy than I, can keep and enjoy their wealth?"

The friend did not essay any more words of comfort, as she listened to the words of rebellion, and for a time there was silence in the room.

Beside the window a childish head was bent over the pages of an open book, but though an hour had passed by since he began to con his task, it was not yet mastered. His eyes and thoughts wandered to a favorite toy that the little fingers clasped lovingly, and it was but divided attention that he bestowed upon his lesson.

"Charlie, have you learned your lesson yet?" the mother asked presently.

"It is so hard," pleaded the child. "I have been studying it so long, and yet I cannot say it. Need I learn it, mother?"

"Yes, dear, you must learn it," was the firm though loving answer. "You are thinking too much of your play; that is why it seems so hard. Let me take your top until your lesson is learned."

"No, no, please let me keep it," entreated the boy eagerly. "Oh, don't take it away, please don't, mamma," and swift tears filled the brown eyes as the mother's stronger hand loosened the childish grasp and took the toy away, despite his protestations.

"You don't love me, or you would not take my top away when I want it so," the little fellow sobbed, trying to shake off the loving hand that rested caressingly upon his shoulder. But the mother's arms only drew him to her in a closer embrace, as she answered tenderly, "It is because I do love you, darling, that I have taken away your toy. I took it away from you so that you might learn your lesson better and more quickly."

The swift April tears dried as quickly as they had come, and the child bent over his simple lesson with undisturbed thoughts, while the mother went back to her guest.

"Dear friend," said the latter gently, "can you not learn the lesson your child has just learned. You took away his toy though he pleaded for it with tears; yet it was not in anger you denied his entreaties; it was only that he might learn the lesson which you in your wiser love knew was best for him to learn. Our Father has some sweet lesson of submission that he would fain have you learn, and because you could not learn it aright he has taken from you the glittering toy that you longed to keep. Can you not trust his infinite wisdom and love as your child has trusted you, and learn the lesson he has placed before you?"

The look of passionate defiance left the sorrowful face, and the tears that fell were not those of anger, but of penitence for rebellion and distrust.

The child learned his task, but the mother's heart had learned a lesson of trust and submission to a loving Father's will.
—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

A CHRISTIAN is never satisfied with himself; but this is no wonder, as he is not fully satisfied with any one but Christ.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 9.

THE UNBELIEF OF THE PEOPLE.—Num. 14: 1-10.

COMMIT VERSES 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

So we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief.—Heb. 3: 19.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Unbelief leads to weakness and failure, and sin; and shuts out of heaven.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Num. 11: 1-19.
T. Num. 14: 20-25.
W. Deut. 1: 19-46.
Th. Joshua 14: 6-14.
F. Heb. 3: 7-19.
Sa. Ps. 106: 1-18.
Su. Ps. 200: 19-48.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The children of Israel were on the borders of the promised land. They were commanded to go up and possess it, but were afraid and sent twelve spies. They all reported sins. Internal wars, or danger of an attack from Egypt may have weakened them. 10. *The glory of the Lord appeared:* in unusual brilliance, in flashes of dangerous light in the pillar of cloud.

SUBJECT: THE EFFECTS OF UNBELIEF.

QUESTIONS.

I. FIRST EFFECT; MURMURING AND REBELLION (vs. 1-5).—How were the people affected by the report of the spies? Against whom did they complain? What wish did they express? Was their wish folly? Think of some of the dangers of the way between them and Egypt, and show how absurd was their wish to return. What did they actually attempt to do? (v. 4.) Did they go so far as to choose this leader? (Neh. 9: 16, 17.) Was their murmuring really against God? Was this act rebellion against him? How were these sins the result of unbelief? What promise should they have trusted? (Deut. 1: 30.)

II. SECOND EFFECT: INSENSIBILITY TO REASON (vs. 6-9.)—What two men stood up against all the people? What did they do? Did it require great courage? How many arguments do you find in these verses to persuade the people to obey God? How had God shown that he was on their side? (Deut. 1: 30, 31.) Was it reasonable to trust for the future a God who had done such

"I INTEND TO GET THAT MILK."

those who will not believe? (John 3: 36.) What warning is given? (Heb. 3: 12.)

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 16.

COMMIT VERSES 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They drank of that spiritual rock that followed them; and that rock was Christ.—1 Cor. 10: 4.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ is the rock whence flows the living water for all the thirsts of the soul.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Num. 20: 1-29.
T. Num. 21: 1-9.
W. Num. 22: 1-41.
Th. Num. 23: 1-30.
F. Num. 24: 1-25.
Sa. Ex. 17: 1-7.
Su. Deut. 3: 23-28.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—We have now come to the beginning of the 40th year after the exodus. Little is said of the intervening 37½ years: But it was a time of testing, of discipline, of preparation for the Promised Land.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *Then came the whole congregation:* who had been dispersed over a wide region for support during the long years. *First month:* of the 40th year of the exodus; Abib, including parts of our March and April, compare Num. 20: 1; 33: 38, and Deut. 2: 1-7. *Kadesh:* in the edge of Zin on one side, and Paran on the other. *Miriam:* Moses' older sister, who watched him in the Nile. She must have been about 130 years old. 3. *Chode:* strove, reproached bitterly. 6. *The glory of the Lord appeared:* probably in terrific flashes from the cloud over the tabernacle. 8. *Take the rod:* with which the former miracles had been done. *Speak:* not strike. 10. *Hear now, ye rebels:* Moses is angry, and seems to have felt hard because God gave water to the unworthy people; as Jonah complained that Nineveh was not destroyed. *Must we:* shall we. Is it right to bring water to those who have rebelled against us and insulted us. 11. *Smote the rock:* either in anger when commanded only to speak, or in unbelief, as if the word would not be enough. 12. *Because ye believed not:* the root of his sin was unbelief. A larger trust would have enabled him to hold his indignation. *To sanctify me:* to honor me as a holy being. Sin in one of God's best servants dishonors God. *Ye shall not bring this congregation,* etc. It was necessary for God to show that he abhorred all sin, by punishing it in his highest servant. 13. *Meribah:* strife. *Golden Text:* Christ is the rock, is the source of living water. The Rock, Christ, was Jehovah, who led them all through the wilderness, and thus followed them. He, as the source of supply, never failed them.

SUBJECT: CHRIST THE SOURCE OF THE LIVING WATER.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE DRY AND THIRSTY LAND (vs. 1-5.)—In what place did the Israelites gather? At what time? Who died there? Give an account of her life? What great affliction came upon the people? How did they act under it? Was this any better than their fathers had acted? (Ex. 17: 1-4.) Was it a great sin? What should they have done?

II. WATER FROM THE ROCK (vs. 6: 11.)—What did Moses do in this new trouble? How did God show that he heard his prayer? What was Moses told to do? In what respect did he act in a manner different from his orders? What rod did he take? (Ex. 14: 16; 17: 5.) What was the result?

III. THE SIN OF MOSES (vs. 12, 13.)—What was Moses' sin on this occasion? (Ps. 106: 33.) What is said to be its root, in vs. 12? How did it arise from unbelief? What was one of Moses' greatest virtues? (Num. 12: 3.) What could have provoked him to sin in the line of his greatest virtue? Was he disappointed that 38 years had not made the people better? Did he feel as Jonah did when God did not destroy Nineveh? (Jonah 3: 3-10; 4: 1-11.) How was Moses punished for his failure? Why was so great a sorrow laid on so good a man?

IV. NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—What is said of this event in 1 Cor. 10: 4? How was Christ their Spiritual Rock? (John 7: 37-39.) How did this rock follow them? Can this world satisfy our souls? What are some of the thirsts of the soul which the world leaves unsatisfied? How does Jesus satisfy them? What will keep us out of the promised land? (Heb. 3: 18, 19.) What light is thrown upon Moses' punishment by Heb. 12: 6, and Luke 12: 48? Does God still do great good with imperfect men for instruments?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Third Quarter, 1888.)

11. Sept 9.—The Unbelief of the People.—Num. 14: 1-10.

12. Sept. 16.—The Smitten Rock.—Num. 20: 1-13.

13. Sept. 23.—Death and Burial of Moses.—Deut. 34: 1-12.

14. Sept. 30.—Review, Temperance, Deut. 21: 18-21, and Missions.

THE GREAT CAVE.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"Where have they all gone?" inquired Lucy Bartlett, reaching up to pull the white blossoms from an apple-tree that was just then in full bloom, and speaking to Fannie, the hired girl.

"Why, you see, Miss Lucy," said Fannie, raising her head from her work, "your aunt came in early this morning, and asked your par and mar to go with her to that pit or cavern that old Mr. Adams was telling us about."

"How I wish I had stayed at home to-day!" said Lucy regretfully.

"Don't fret," answered Fannie. "They will be back soon, for they have been gone ever since nine o'clock this morning."

"Did they take anything to eat with them?" asked Lucy.

"No; I think not," replied Fannie. "But Mr. Adams took ten candles, and matches enough to last a week, I should say."

Lucy stood by the garden-gate in silence for a few moments. The sun was low, and the shadows of the tall trees lay across the road with bars of golden light between.

Presently she said, "I will walk a little way into the wood and meet them, Fannie."

"Very well," replied Fannie; "but don't get lost."

"Oh no," said Lucy. "I know the way."

As Lucy went out of the gate Fannie observed that she had a large book under her arm, so she said.

"Shall I take your book into the house, Miss Lucy?"

"No, I thank you," replied Lucy. "Kate gave it to me to-day, and perhaps I shall have time to look at it before they come."

Lucy walked slowly along until she reached an opening in the wood that led to a path which she knew the party must take. Then, seating herself under a tree, she opened her new book. It was quite thick, and filled with engravings. She examined all of these, and even glanced at two or three stories, but still there were no signs of the party.

The cave which Lucy's parents had gone to visit was then but little known, although it has since become almost as celebrated as the Mammoth Cave.

After a while Lucy concluded to walk on a little farther. So she moved along slowly under the trees, stopping every now and then to listen. Soon she had left the road and her home far behind. When she reached the open country again the sun had set, and a new moon and one large star shone brightly in the west. But there was no living thing in sight except one little gray hare, which kicked up his heels and scampered off at her approach.

Lucy had heard such wonderful accounts of the extent of this cave, its large chambers and narrow passages, that she now grew anxious, and thought perhaps her friends had missed the right direction, and it might be a long while before they returned. So she hurried up to the opening, and stretched her neck and strained her eyes, but all to no purpose; there was nothing to be seen but darkness.

She called aloud, "Where are you?"

A voice, which seemed to come from the very end of the cave, answered,

"Where are you—are you?"

"Mamma," cried Lucy, joyfully.

"Mamma, mamma, ma-ah," said the voice, dying away slowly.

"It is only an echo," said Lucy sorrowfully.

As Lucy wandered backward and forward before the entrance of the cave, her foot struck against something soft on the ground. Picking it up, she found it was a brown paper parcel tied with a string. On unrolling it she was surprised to find that it contained a number of candles and several boxes of matches. Lucy took the string in her hand to tie the parcel up again, but gave a little cry of fright as she looked closely at it. It was not a cord but a long strip of calico of a very peculiar pattern.

"Oh!" cried Lucy, "this is a piece of Fannie's new dress. These must be the candles that she gave Mr. Adams!" Lucy counted them over with trembling fingers. "Nine candles! Then they have had only one with them all this time." Lucy began to cry, and whisper to herself, "They are lost! they are lost! Perhaps they have fallen into one of those dreadful ponds full of blind fishes that Mr. Adams told us about. I must go and find them."

She lighted one of the candles, and tying the ends of her apron around her waist, placed the other candles and matches in it, and walked boldly into the dark cavern.

The single candle flickered, and shed only a very faint light upon the rough stones of the cave. In a little while she came to a narrow passage with two openings, one on the right and the other on the left. Now she became dreadfully worried and puzzled, for she could not determine which of these to take.

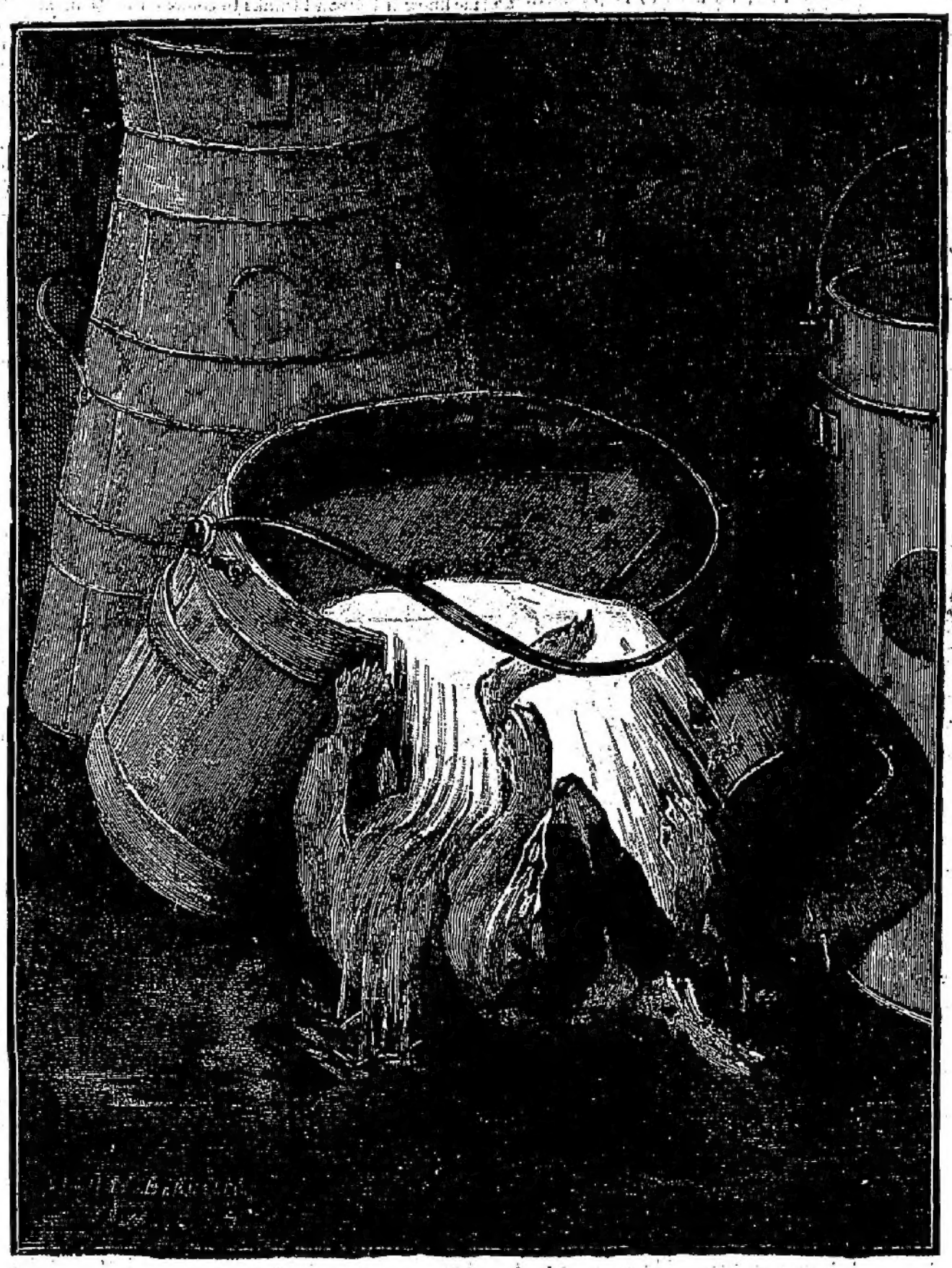
Lucy turned back and looked at the main entrance of the cave. A narrow stream of moonlight penetrated a little way within it, and lay like a silver thread along the ground. This made Lucy think, "If I only had a big slice of bread I could sprinkle the crumbs behind me as Hop-o'-my-Thumb did; or if I only had some paper!"

Then she remembered her new book, and taking it out hastily, began to pull the leaves from it, and tear them into small pieces. These she scattered along the ground.

"Now," said Lucy, "when I find mamma, papa, and aunty, I can lead them right home."

On she went boldly, and this time she neither turned to the right nor left, but kept on until she came to a great vaulted chamber, hung with snowy crystals that sparkled like frost. Although everything around was strange and beautiful, Lucy did not stop to look, but walked on, sprinkling the scraps of paper as she went.

(To be Continued.)



AND HE DID.

CHRISTIANITY APPLIED TO BUSINESS.

Mr. John Wanamaker, the prince of American drygoods dealers, has even a more enviable reputation as a Christian philanthropist than as a successful man of business. An account of the work he has done among his employees reads like the dream of some socialistic visionary. Years ago, before it became a fashion, the custom was instituted of shutting his store for half of each Saturday, and a library was founded for the use of all employed in the establishment. Year by year the work has grown, until there have been established the Savings Fund, the Building Association, classes for instruction, and the Beneficial Association, by means of which a certain portion of the proceeds of the business is distributed among employees incapacitated for work by means of age, sickness or accident. Within two years the Woman's House was opened. This furnishes a home for women employed by the firm, and everything is done to make the house a real home.

On Good Friday of last year, Wanamaker laid before his people a new scheme whereby a certain percent of the profits of the business was to be shared among the employees. The plan is somewhat elaborate, but the principal features are that all who have been in the employ of the firm seven years are to have a share of the annual profits, "according to the value of their services to the firm." In addition to this, all of the salespeople, regardless of their term of service, are granted a share in the monthly receipts in the form of percentage on sales. On the 7th of May of this year, Mr. Wanamaker met his employees to report the result of the year's work. The total amount of money distributed and set apart for the benefit of those employed by the firm (in addition to salaries) was $109,439.68, of which $59,158.66 was in monthly dividends, $40.281., 02 in annual dividends to seven-year employees, and $10,000 in a pension fund. To encourage the habit of saving, the Wanamaker Savings Bank has been established. In this bank sums of two dollars and upwards are received, and draw five percent yearly interest. The deposits of persons on the Seven Year Honor Roll are considered special deposits, and have added, beside the interest, a special premium of five percent, if the whole amount remains on deposit an entire year.

It seems as if there could be no doubt about the good work which Mr. Wanamaker is doing in thus carrying into business the rules given by the Founder of Christianity. If there were more such business men, they could do much toward settling the vexed problems of Capital and Labor.—*Golden Rule.*

SERMONS IN SHOES.

What can I do for Christ? is a frequent question by young converts. The answer is, first of all, live for him. Your conscientious observance of the Fourth Commandment, is your sermon for the Sabbath; and your refusal to touch or to offer the wine glass, is your temperance lecture; your strict honesty in the smallest item, is your rebuke of trickery in trade; your open obedience to your Lord and Saviour, is as eloquent in its way as Spurgeon's best discourse is of its kind. Do you inquire, "Where is my field?" It is all field, wherever you go Of course, there are direct Christian activities that may open to you in mission schools, prayer-meeting, Young Men's Christian Associations, and elsewhere. But do not compound with your Master for a few hours each week in such special efforts. Preach every day, everywhere, by letting Christ shine out of every chink and crevice of your character; so shall your whole life be full of light. The sermons in shoes are the sermons to convert an ungodly world.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

ONE MAN'S PORTION.

If all missionaries, evangelists and teachers in pagan, papal and Moslem lands, including men and women foreign born and native born, were economically distributed, each would have 25,000 souls to care for.—*A. T. Pierson.*

The Family Circle.

HER FATHER'S DARLING.

A tiny, happy face,
Six sunny, tumbled curls,
Two rosebuds lips apart
Disclosing milk-white pearls,

Two wondering wide blue eyes,
Now bright with baby gladness;
Roaming on some small prize,
Now wet with some small sadness.

Plump shoulders, soft and white,
For kissing surely meant;
Rumpled and crumpled muslins,
With here and there a rent.

Dimpled little fingers,
Every where they fumble,
Restless little active legs
Now and then a tumble.

Ringing shouts of laughter,
Sobs of deepest woe;
Going to see wee piggies,
Hurt a tiny toe.

A little sunbeam ever,
With sweetest soft'ning power;
Oh! how her father loves her,
His sweet unopened flower!

A tiny weary face,
A hot flushed cheek and brow,
"Nurse me, papa, I'm tired.
I don't want dolly now."

A tossing, restless head,
The red lips parched and dry,
"Drink some nice water, darling,"
"Papa, what makes you cry?"

A tiny quiet face
A rounded cheek of snow.
Her, "Father's little darling,'
Is her father's angel now.

No gleesome merry shouting
"Papa is at the gate;"
No hurrying little footsteps,
For fear she'd be too late.

No rosy lips upheld
To get the look'd for kiss;
No clasping little arms,—
"Was ever pain like *this*?"

No fondling soft wee hands
To soothe away the care;
No blue eyes dancing bright
Because "Papa is there!"

Dear Lord, I know 'tis well,
I know Thou heard'st my prayer,
But home and heart are empty
Without my darling there.

They say "he has forgotten
How hard it was to part,"
But the wound is not quite healed yet
In her father's heart.

Although once but a name,
Heaven's very real now—
Since the golden curl was cut
From the little icy brow.

Yes—heaven is real now—
His loving darling's home;
A tiny hand is beckoning,
A tiny voice says "come."

A tiny face is gazing
When he kneeleth down to pray
To beg the Lord to help him
To walk the narrow way.

For the father of an angel
Must be good, and pure, and true;
Keeping the better country,
His darling's home, in view.

This world was all too dear,
Now the bright gold looks dim,
And that was why his darling
Was taken up from him.

Because in paths defiling
Weak, erring feet might roam,
The Lord made heaven real,
Made heaven "Nellie's home."

—*Selected.*

As the eyelid shuts down instantly at the approach of a foreign substance, so protecting the eye, so the conscience ought instantly to arm itself against every foe. It is well to have a conscience which acts first and thinks afterwards.—*Laicus.*

THE GABLED HOUSE AT NORTHBURY.

BY A. STUART FLETCHER.

(Continued.)

After that, Rachel heard the whole story of their straitened circumstances, and Madeline's hopes and disappointments.

"I can never hope to get a governess's situation, I am afraid," Madeline concluded.

"Is there nothing else thee can do? Can thee make dresses?" asked Rachel.

"My sisters make ours, and I can do nothing but the plain parts," Madeline answered.

Rachel was silent, then asked abruptly, "Can thee cook?"

Madeline blushed.

"Mamma does not like us to do anything in the kitchen; but, of course, having only one servant, we have to help sometimes, and," here, the blush deepened, "I rather like it."

Thee knows I told thee that my daughter Ruth made the cakes and confectionery we sell. Our servant, Martha, does what thee would call 'the plain part,' but Ruth and I do all the rest. And we have a great deal of business; for people like our cakes, and buy them instead of making their own, which I think is a pity for them. Now, next year, Ruth will marry, if the Lord prosper John Appleton, to whom she is promised. John would have me to live with them, but I prefer my own little home, and they will be but young and not rich, and I would not hamper their beginnings. Meanwhile, Ruth has much needlework to do, and John, too, sometimes likes her to be with him—that is but natural—so that our business is somewhat more than we can manage; and now thee sees what I am going to say. I thought, and Ruth too, that it would be well to have some friend to help her now, and take her place next year. I have not known thee many hours; but I think thee might do, if thy mother would like it, and thee would like to come. It is work which no woman need be ashamed to do, and I think thee could do it."

Many thoughts surged through Madeline's brain, while Rachel was speaking. To live in the midst of this peace and purity, after the scramble and restlessness of the past few years, to breathe this pure air, and feel the sense of largeness and space about her, after the closeness of their crowded London house, this seemed an almost ideal lot. But there were other things behind; she could not decide at once.

"I think I should like to come," she said; "but I must speak to mamma about it, and," she added honestly, "you do not know if I would do, or anything about me but what I have told you."

"I shall know as much about thee as Mrs. Deane, who might have entrusted thee with her children; and besides, thee knows, I do nothing without the Lord's direction, and it has been borne upon me that thee art to come."

A light step sounded in the front room, and Rachel exclaimed: "Here is my daughter Ruth. She has been to Stanham, to John Appleton's mother."

Madeline looked up, as a tall, grey-clad girl entered.

"Ruth, I think this is a friend about whom thee and I were speaking, when we said that we must have some one to help us with the work; but there is much to be settled before we are sure."

Ruth, who had looked puzzled for an instant, now came forward, and took Madeline's hand, with a smile worthy of her mother.

"I will tell thee all when Madeline has gone," said Rachel. "Speak to thy mother to-night, dear, and to-morrow I will write to her, and after that thee can let me know if thee still thinks to come. But now it is time for thee to catch thy train."

"What will Dr. Mayhew say?"

CHAPTER II.

Sibley Street, N. W., is not the place in which one would choose to spend a sultry summer evening; but to the inhabitants of No. 14, necessity offered little choice. The small back parlor where Mrs. Hardy and her three daughters sat, was hot and close, and although the window was wide open, the air from the little, high-walled garden seemed scarcely less oppressive than that within. Clara Hardy stood near the window, and fanned herself despairingly.

"Well, mamma, according to Maddie's description, the Northbury baker's would be an improvement upon this, and I am sure Blanche and I would be glad of a room to ourselves these hot nights."

"Clara, it is not a baker's; don't deepen that impression on mamma's mind."

"I know, child," said Mrs. Hardy languidly, "though I can't see such distinction between a baker's and confectioner's myself. And to think that a child of mine should set her mind on serving in a confectioner's shop!"

"Nobody need know where she had gone," Clara continued; "we would tell people she was staying with friends in the country, and that would be literally true. I confess it doesn't seem half a bad idea to me, if Maddie wants to go. This baker person offers in her letter quite as much as a nursery-governess gets, and I've no doubt the position would be infinitely preferable, if it weren't for the name of the thing."

Madeline sat in silence during her sister's unexpected advocacy. Mrs. Hardy had at first been indignant at the proposal, then pathetic when she thought of the "descent" it involved. Clara and Blanche had laughed at the idea; but the advantages of dividing their allowance between two instead of three, and the hope of the few pounds which Madeline would doubtless send them, as well as the relief it would be to have at a greater distance a sister, many of whose ideas differed so materially from their own, had grown in importance in Clara's mind, until she began to advocate the plan. Blanche said nothing, until suddenly she looked up from the hat she was trimming, with: "What will Dr. Mayhew say?"

Madeline's face crimsoned; and Mrs. Hardy said: "Yes, indeed, we may be quite sure he would not think again of Madeline, if he heard she had gone as a confectioner's assistant."

Madeline rose quickly, and left the room. Safe in her own room, she locked the door, and buried her burning face in her hands.

"What will Dr. Mayhew say?" had been her first thought, too; for Frank Mayhew's opinion had been her criterion ever since the days when, as a schoolboy, he had climbed the pear-tree in his father's garden, and thrown pears over the fence into her pinafore. Maddie was his little pet and plaything, until he went to College; while he was away attending his medical course, the Hardy's reverses came, but young Mayhew (Dr. as yet only by courtesy) was one of their first visitors in their new circumstances. He was still Maddie's friend; and though no words had been said, Madeline felt in her secret heart that, when the growth of Dr. Mayhew's practice justified him in taking a wife, it would be his old friend of the pear-tree he would ask. But she did not dream that her mother and sisters calculated on this; they had never before spoken of it to her, and her cheeks burned anew as she thought of it. Then the question repeated itself,—What would he say? *If he cared for her*, would this make any difference? If he were the Frank Mayhew of her girlhood, would he not rather she did any honest work than stay at home, unneeded and useless? But she could not think or reason clearly upon the matter; she only felt now, that if her mother consented, she must go.

"Rachel Fleming said she did nothing without the Lord's direction. Oh, that He would direct me!" she reflected.

Presently she smoothed her hair, and went down. Supper was ready, and, keeping her eyes on her plate, Madeline said, "Mamma, I think you see the force of what Clara said; if you have no serious objection, I should like to go to Northbury."

"Well, as Clara says, nobody need know," replied Mrs. Hardy; "but Dr. Mayhew is sure to find out."

Madeline did not look up, but her voice was steady as she replied, "Dr. Mayhew has never said anything to me, mamma, which can justify us in considering him at all about it, if he asks."

"Well, Madeline, it is no use shutting one's eyes to facts," began Mrs. Hardy, when Clara took pity on Madeline's burning cheeks, and said,—

"Mamma, let her go, and leave Dr. Mayhew to me; I'll manage him."

Madeline's face flamed still more, but she commanded her voice to say: "Clara, I beg as a favor, that if Dr. Mayhew asks, you will tell him all the truth."

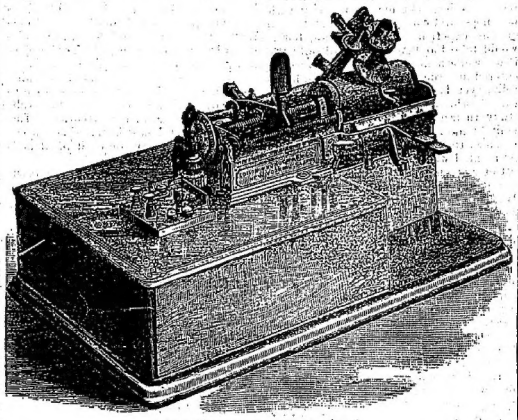
Clara shrugged her shoulders and turned the conversation, and Madeline knew that the subject was virtually concluded, and her mother's consent obtained.

(To be Continued.)

SOMETHING MUST GO.

Sometimes God commands total separation of one's self from daily contact with the ungodly. "I remember," says one, "one night in our meeting at Plymouth we asked all those who were willing to accept Jesus to say so, when a young soldier in the gallery stood up, and said before a crowded meeting: 'I will go with Jesus, sir.' Then, turning to his friends who were with him, he said: 'My old companions, fare ye well: I will not go with you to hell.' He stood firm and was kept in the hour of temptation, because his first act at conversion was to confess his Lord. A man can not be a true soldier of the cross of the Saviour without giving up a great deal, and it was something for him to give up all his own acquaintances: but he did so, and was satisfied with Christ himself.—*Exchange.*

It is a Low Benefit to give me something; it is a high benefit to enable me to do somewhat of myself.—*Emerson.*



THE NEW EDISON PHONOGRAPH.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

BY CONSTANCE GORDON-CUMMING.

That "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing" is never more vividly illustrated than when men, grasping some half-developed scientific theory, which at first sight has seemed to run counter to Scriptural teaching, have straightway assumed that revelation was at fault. Happily a deeper insight into Nature's mysteries leads most candid minds to acknowledge that science is in truth the most loyal handmaid of the Holy Scriptures. Never has this been more strikingly illustrated than by the latest marvellous discovery in the possibility of recording and transmitting sound.

How many of us, reading in the Bible that "by our words we shall be justified, and by our words we shall be condemned," have accepted this in any literal sense? Still more surely have we assumed that the saying, "For every idle word that men shall speak they must give account in the Day of Judgment," was simply a strong form of speech; whereas now a very wonderful scientific discovery enables even clumsy human beings, not only to capture every word spoken by a human voice, or by a score of voices, but to transmit this record by post across sea and land for thousands of miles, there faithfully to repeat every syllable it has heard in the exact intonation of each speaker, and, having done this once, the tiny box containing this indisputable evidence may be put away, to be brought out again a thousand years hence, when there is every reason to believe that it will repeat the whole conversation as accurately as it does at the first moment.

Marvellous as this undoubtedly is, we know that we as yet stand only on the threshold of what there must yet be to learn in regard to this extraordinary discovery,—just as our grandparents, hearing with wonder and awe of the first capture of a spark of lightning, little dreamt how soon homes would be lighted by electricity, and the whole earth encompassed with telegraph wires and electric cables.

A good many years ago, the possibility of recording and reproducing sound first occurred to Mr. Edison,—indeed, more than ten years have elapsed since he constructed a phonograph, which clearly proved that it contained the germ of some truly marvellous scientific fact to be evolved at leisure. But so many startling discoveries presented themselves about the same time, that it was impossible to develop them all at once. Just then the telephone, for the simple transmission of sound, began to secure its position as a commercial enterprise; and though various inventors lay claim to its parentage, Mr. Edison certainly receives the lion's share of the credit.

About the same time he invented the microphone for magnifying sound, and in order the better to display its power, he applied it to the telephone, with the result of causing the most insignificant sounds to be heard, startlingly intensified, at a distance of many miles. Thus the buzzing of a fly, imprisoned at Bradford, was distinctly audible at Leeds, while the ticking of a watch was clearly heard at a distance of ten miles.

But as there are limits to the working capacities of the most brilliant human genius, Mr. Edison found that the task of adapting electricity to purposes of public and domestic illumination, and bringing all details of his electric light to perfection, and into commercial working order, fully engrossed his powers until the present year, when he was able once more to turn his attention to the transmission and perpetuation of sound by his infinitely more wonderful permanent process. After devoting eight months of steady work to the subject, he now announces that his invention is ready to take its place in the commercial world, and that he expects very soon to see the phonograph established in every business office. Just conceive what this means! No shorthand reporter ever noted speech so faithfully or so indisputably as will these invisible recorders.

By the end of January, Mr. Edison expected to have five hundred phonographic machines ready for distribution. The apparatus will not occupy more space than an ordinary type-writer, and can be fitted into a box which can stand beneath a table, nothing being visible except the mouthpiece and a revolving cylinder. The owner of the machine touches a little switch to secure its attention, and adjusts the mouthpiece to the cylinder, which is made of a sort of sensitive material specially manufactured to register the very faintest atmospheric movement. At present the simple phonograph requires that the lips of the speaker should talk into it, but Mr. Edison is now preparing and testing instruments like funnels, which will collect from a large area, and bring it in concentrated form to the receiver.

When the sound condensors are perfected, then, in truth, the phonograph will work absolutely independently of any intentional aid from the speaker. It will be quite a new illustration of the "little pitcher with long ears," and will be found to be also a most dangerous tell-tale—indeed, to venture on a private conversation in any room which has not been minutely examined in every corner, will be very much like talking in one of those halls we find in old houses, with an upper gallery opening into other rooms—a regular trap!

No sooner is this faithful recorder told off to its work, than it at once begins to mark on the sensitive paper every vibration of the air, as influenced by different voices, and so perfectly does it succeed that, it twenty persons speak in rapid succession, the tones of each voice can be clearly recognized whenever there is occasion for this witness to reproduce the conversation! Nor is there any limit to the number of times that it will repeat the whole story without the slightest variation; a thousand times over it will, if required, unwearyingly reiterate each comment in the precise intonation of the speaker, whether of anger, love, or indifference, and at the self-same pace, rapid or drawling—never was there so perfect a mimic! If we cannot all "see ourselves as others see us," at least we shall henceforth be privileged to hear ourselves as others hear us, and a very surprising revelation that will be to many! Imagine the annoyance of the poor man with an incurable stutter at hearing it thus perpetuated, or of those who so needlessly and often unconsciously interlard their conversation with expletives—to say nothing of that numerous company who make such cruel havock of their H's!

It has been suggested that the man who dictates his will to the phonograph will secure himself against any subsequent dispute as to its authenticity, for his very voice will be heard as clearly as it was ever heard during his lifetime, and can repeat its directions again and again, to the utter confounding of all interested adversaries.

One class who are likely to benefit largely by this discovery are printers, as Mr. Edison hopes to enable them to set their type from the dictation of the phonogram, instead of having so often to puzzle over illegible manuscript, perhaps by a bad light. Already Mr. Edison has devised a method by which the printer has only to touch a lever with his foot, and immediately some half a dozen words are sounded.

To musicians the phonograph should prove invaluable, especially to such as are endowed with the delightful talent of improvising beautiful airs which they find themselves unable subsequently to reduce to notes—fleeting, fanciful dreams of melody, beautiful as the tints of the rainbow, and as evanescent. Here every sound can be reproduced with wonderful delicacy, and held captive till it is reduced to its representative symbols. Indeed, the phonograph seems peculiarly adapted to music: it whistles and sings more perfectly than it speaks. When in presence of a full orchestra, with the aid of sound condensers, it registers the whole melody with marvellous success. "Each instrument," says Mr. Edison, "can be perfectly distinguished. The strings are perfectly distinct—violins even from violoncellos, wind instruments and wood—all are heard, even the notes of the singer, and the apparatus for duplicating phonograms is so cheap that the price of music will be scarcely worth considering." Just conceive what a boon this captor of floating melody would have been to such a composer as Sir George Macfarren, of whom we have recently heard how, on account of his blindness, he dictated, note by note, the score of all his elaborate compositions!

One of Mr. Edison's curious experiments is that of superimposing one sound upon another. Thus "after reading a long list of geographical names, he turned the machine back and sang 'Hail, Columbia!' directly over the previous words; then once more turning it back, he whistled 'Yankee Doodle.' The triple message was then given out by the phonograph, resulting in the most curious combination, in which each part was heard perfectly distinct"—just as you might hear the three, and a few more besides, from your window in "a quiet neighborhood!" By the application of the sound condensers, of which I have already spoken, the voices of any number of speakers can be heard simultaneously; and the noisiest debate that has ever yet been heard in Parliament could be seized, held, spell-bound, and transmitted to foreign lands, or to future generations, for their edification or the reverse.

As regards the transmission of phonograms to a distance, it is obvious that in the first instance they must be principally employed for the transmission of business letters, since it is necessary that the recipient of a phonogram should possess the corresponding machine, without which the message brought to him by the post is a dead letter indeed. But on placing the little inanimate slip into his magical box, straightway the voice of his correspondent is heard (through the ear-phone) as plainly as though he was sitting in the next chair.

Every office in which the phonograph is adopted will have to provide itself with a stock of phonograms, just as it lays in a stock of writing paper. These will be sold in the form of small cylinders, 1¼ inch in diameter, and from one inch upwards in length. They will be made of several sizes. An additional mystery is how so much can be conveyed in so small a space. Short messages, not exceeding two hundred words, can be transmitted on a phonogram only one inch in length, of which a dozen are to be sold at 7½d. Phonograms to receive from eight hundred to a thousand words are only four inches in length, and cost about 1s. 6d. per dozen. The number of words recorded varies according to the rate of the speaker's utterance. For longer letters, sheets will be prepared capable of receiving from two to four thousand words.

Should there be no occasion to preserve the letter, the little scroll can be scraped by a tiny knife, so delicate in its operation that it will remove a shaving 1-700th part of an inch in thickness, leaving a fresh surface ready to receive a new message. This shaving may be repeated a dozen times; and so, though the slip originally costs upwards of a halfpenny, it may perhaps do duty a dozen times over, so that the expense is not really greater than that of note-paper. Small wooden boxes, resembling old-fashioned pill boxes, will be sold with the machine. These are destined to hold the phonograph; and it is hoped that the Post-Office authorities will undertake to transmit them at the same rate as ordinary letters.

DICTATING TO THE PHONOGRAPH.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TRAIN THE BOYS.

BY ANNIE CURD.

In many of the newspapers of the day we find a page devoted to woman and home. One can hardly pick up one of these papers without seeing a suggestion to mothers to instruct their daughters in the affairs of the household. I think we all realize that this is an important feature in the education of our daughters, but how to proceed—what to teach them, and how to do it is a question of such magnitude, that few writers care to go into details.

Not being a "Woman's Rights" woman I feel that boys should have an equal chance with the girls and share in the instruction.

Our boys, as a rule, feel it their prerogative to come into the house, throw their hats and rubbers on the floor; scatter their books around promiscuously, bring in mud and snow and expect "mamma" to go after them with broom and dust-pan picking up hats and books and putting them in their proper places. Now this state of things is not right, and it should be "nipped in the bud." Boys can and should be taught to think, and to do all in their power to make housekeeping easy for mother and sister. Where the mother does her own housework there are many ways in which she can be assisted by her boys and girls, if she will only think so. But to do this there must be a systematic distribution of labor.

If possible never let the duties of children conflict, for the immediate result is discord and wrangling, and this, to most mothers, is harder to bear than the labor attendant upon household work. It is wearing work constantly reminding children of duties unperformed, but should we neglect so important a thing because of its unpleasantness? Should we not try to fit our children for something beyond the home life? In no way can this be more effectively done than by insisting upon certain duties being performed at the right time. We all realize that exactness and punctuality in a business man are important elements to success. Then why not train our boys in exactness, before they leave the home nest and go forth to battle with the world?

Our girls oftener receive this training than do our boys, yet there is no good reason for it, except as custom has made it so.

Is there sense or reason in allowing a boy to rise from his bed in the morning, leaving it for his mother to air? Why not teach him while young to throw back the covers and open his windows, letting in God's sunlight and fresh air? You will probably have to remind him of his forgetfulness more times than he is years old, but persevere, and bear in mind always that you are training him in habits of neatness that will follow him through life. Nothing that we learn in life clings to us with such tenacity as those things which we learned in early years; the principles which were instilled into us by the loving thoughtfulness of "Mother" can never be quite forgotten or obliterated.

Mothers are often heard to say, "There is so little a boy can do." Now I think there are a great many ways in which a boy can "lend a helping hand," that is, if he has had good training from the start,

He can have a stated time for filling the wood box, getting ready his basket of kindlings, filling pails, taking up the ashes, making fires, and keeping the reservoir filled. I have an intimate acquaintance with a boy of fifteen, who, when his mother had no servant, grinds the coffee for her in the morning, chops the cold meat for a dish of hash, chatting merrily about school, and play, with never a thought that he is doing an undignified or unmanly thing.

When there are but two children in the family, a boy and a girl, the duties usually assigned to them are so different that they are not easily confounded, but where there is a large family it is necessary for the mother to systematize the work carefully, giving each his, or her little duties to perform, then see that they are carried out by the right child. We all know "what is everybody's business is nobody's" and in nothing is this truer than with children in matters pertaining to house-work, for as a rule they do not do what has not been assigned to them, nor is it to be wondered at.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

TRIFLES.

Everything in life has a value depending on the manner in which it is regarded. Mole-hills become mountains when viewed through the proper magnifier, and the same glass reversed will diminish an elephant to Lilliputian proportions.

There is no deeper lesson to be read in daily living than that which consists in looking back over the events of a month, a week, or even a day, and noticing their changed proportions. We "stand up for our rights," and are obliged to confess, in quiet after-reflection, that we were merely insisting with unpardonable obstinacy upon the merest trifle.

A lady who had severely punished her little girl for a disrespectful remark, says that she herself bitterly repented when the child, after saying her prayers that night, put up her arms and said, with quivering lips:

"Mamma, Lucy didn't know it sounded so naughty. Tell her it's naughty next time, and she'll be sorry without whipping."

As the mother said afterward, "If I had only waited! But it seemed such a large affair at the moment that I thought she ought to be made to feel it could never be repeated, and now I know it was but a trifle compared with the punishment."

Every day is full of little occurrences maddening as gnat stings to those who allow themselves to forget that these are indeed but insignificant ills. We lose a pet umbrella, and our temper with it. We think a friend is unjust, and therefore stiffen in manner; or we find the toast cold at breakfast, and declare, with injured dignity, that we can't possibly do a day's work after having partaken of such a meal.

Yet in a week all such trifles are a part of oblivion's rubbish heap; only the reaction upon our own moral nature remains. We have become more and more confirmed in a habit of fault-finding, which will surely crop out when we are least willing to show it.—*Youth's Companion.*

OUR HOUSEKEEPER CLUB.

A few evenings ago, I sat down to rest after a hard day's toil, and as my body reposed in the comfortable chair, my mind ran back over the day's work again, step by step. Then, from my own tasks, it flew over the way to my neighbor, who, I knew, worked harder than I, then off again to woman's work in general.

And then I asked myself the question—Is it necessary or right for women to do the amount of work they do, in the way they do? It seemed to me a positive wrong that so many women should waste their strength and energy in doing so much useless work, and in doing the necessary work in such a hard way. We were never intended to be slaves to a moulding board, a scrubbing brush or a sewing machine. It seemed to me that little children did not, as a rule, receive the care and training they ought, because their mothers were so over-burdened with housework. Then an idea occurred to me—why cannot women form themselves into societies, through which they can, by proper study and an interchange of ideas, learn how to do their work in an easier and better way; learn, not to slight, but to master it.

The longer I considered the idea, the more practical it seemed to me, and I left my easy chair and, "just to see how it would look," took a pen and headed a sheet of paper with the following: "We, the undersigned ladies of C—— and vicinity, do hereby unite ourselves into an organization for our mutual improvement and benefit, our object being the perfecting of ourselves in our calling as wives, mothers, home-makers and housekeepers." After heading the list with my own name, I took another sheet and drew up a few simple rules and regulations, such as I thought would be necessary for the formation of the new society which was fast becoming real in my mind.

The next morning, bright and early, I set out with my papers for the town a mile distant. The first lady on whom I called was a busy woman—the mother of six children—but, as soon as she understood my errand, she heartily endorsed the idea; and, signing herself the second member of the new order, sent me on my way with new hope and courage. I should like to give my experience at every house, but it would take too long and I will only say that while a majority of housekeepers entered into the project heartily and hopefully, yet I found some who had "no time," others who had no inclination to study their calling, and one or two who politely informed me that they knew as much as they cared to about housework. At night, I went wearily homeward, with a list of sixteen names—not all that I had hoped for, but enough for a beginning. We had agreed to meet the next afternoon to perfect the organization, elect our officers and get ready for work. That night I went to bed too tired and nervous to sleep. Should I fail?

The next afternoon, despite a cloudy sky and a strong wind, we assembled at the appointed place—twelve ladies and one gentleman. Well, I felt assured. The meeting was called to order, a chairman appointed, officers elected, rules and regulations adopted, and the following programme prepared for the next meeting.

1. What kind of an education will best fit a woman for home duties? Discussion to be led by Mrs. B——.

2. What foods are the most healthful? Discussion led by Mrs. K——, a doctor's wife, and Mrs. H——, a vegetarian.

3. Can we improve on the old-fashioned way of washing? Led by Mrs. M——.

4. A general talk on pork and potatoes.

This accomplished, after a little general talk, we adjourned for two weeks. All agreed that our first meeting had been a success, and we named the new-born-child "The Housekeeper Club." I, for one, went away with a happy heart and a new courage, and I believe that more than one husband and a baby felt indirectly benefited by the social hour which "mother" had spent with the sisters.—*Mrs. Minnie King, in Housekeeper.*

THE SIN OF OVERWORK.

The woman who spends her life in unnecessary labor is by this very labor unfitted for the higher duties of home. She should be the haven of rest to which both children and husband turn for peace and refreshment. She should be the careful, intelligent adviser and guide of the one, and the tender confidant of the other. How is it possible for a woman exhausted in body, and, as a natural consequence, in mind also, to perform either of these offices? It is not possible. The constant strain is too much. Nature gives way beneath it. She loses health and spirit and hopefulness, and, more than all, her youth—the last thing that a woman should allow to slip from her; for, no matter how old she is in years, she should be young in heart and feeling, for the youth of age is sometimes more attractive than youth itself.

To the overworked woman this green old age is out of the question. Her disposition is often ruined, her temper soured, her very nature is changed by the burden which, too heavy to carry, is only dragged along. Even her affections are blunted, and she becomes merely a machine—a woman without the time to be womanly, a mother without the time to train and guide her children, a wife without the time to sympathize with and cheer her husband, a woman so overworked during the day that "when night comes" her sole thought and most intense longing are for rest and sleep. Better by far let everything go unfinished, and live as best she can, than entail on herself and family the curse of overwork.—*The Household.*

HASTE AND WORRY.

There are two mental sins against the stomach, which bring about a terrible running account, the full payment of which often completely ruins us. These are haste and worry. None of us are entirely guiltless in these respects. We tell children that it is "bad manners" to eat fast; we liken them to pigs when they do it; but I have often questioned whether they were half as much to be blamed as either the mother who could not find time to eat her own meal because she was full of care for others, or the father whose one thought is to swallow his boiling coffee and get through his steak or chop in time to catch the train.

How many homes there are in which breakfast is, in reality, a scramble, hurriedly prepared, hurriedly eaten, and hurriedly digested; while dinner in the middle of the day, in a house where there are many children, is scarcely less so as far as the mother is concerned, and the evening meal finds everybody too tired to care to linger over it, or there are constant calls upon the mother for her attention. This is bad in itself, but it is ten times worse when worry, anxiety, or excitement adds its quota to the disturbance.

American women suffer from nervous dyspepsia to a distressing extent; and they very seldom stop to consider how largely it is due to their own fault and indiscretion. Just to the extent to which they hurry and worry they are distinctly blamable; and where is the woman who does neither? Certainly she is rarely found in the working or professional classes. The homes in which peace and quiet reign at mealtimes, in which food is slowly eaten, and the practice of cheerful conversation persisted in, are few indeed; and still less frequently met with are those in which rest for all who are actively employed, precedes or follows the mid-day meal. *From "Sins against the Stomach," in Demorest's Monthly for July.*

HOUSEKEEPERS' VACATIONS.

A housekeeper ought to have a vacation quite as much as a clerk or teacher or minister. A vacation does not necessarily mean idleness, but rather a pleasant and entire change. Residents of towns and cities naturally desire to get away from the heat and dust and bad air and noise out into the quiet, green, shady country near some lake or stream or among the mountains, where the tired body and brain can get very close to nature and come under her restoring influences. Women living in the country would be more rested by going away on a pleasant journey to see some new place or to visit friends. It is pretty sure that one can not stay at home and get much of a rest. There are too many calls on one's attention there. Be the time a week or a month, it is better to go away from home and get a perfect rest from its cares and worries. Let everyone of "the band" make a strong effort to secure some kind of a vacation during the hot weather.—*Housekeeper.*

SPONGE CAKE.—One cupful of sugar and three eggs, beat well, add one cupful of flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder; mix well and bake.

PUZZLES.—No. 18.

ENIGMA.

Entire, I am a costly gem,
Fit for a royal diadem;
Behead, I am a noble birth;
Transpose, I am of honest worth;
Restore the gem, and then curtail,
Your appetite you may regale;
But, stop! transpose before you taste,—
Now practice me, but do not waste;
Behead, transpose, I wait on you,
A servant willing, prompt and true.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. When can an insect grind corn?
2. Why is a game of tennis like a party of children?
3. Why is the world like a fire-arm?

CHARADE.

My first do students everywhere;
My second is a dwelling;
My whole's a treasure rich as rare.
Unhappiness dispelling;—
So rare, 'twill scarce reward your quest,
Though you seek the wild world over,—
You'll sooner find a hum-bird's nest
Or the magic four-leaf clover.

BURIED WORDS.

The words buried are not alike, excepting in sound.

1. I went into the water to ——, but as I ——, about two hundred, I was not an agreeable one to help.

2. They had a monstrous —— on the table, but I —— it by telling a story of one I raised.

3. She was just like a —— of fashion, being —— enough to follow every change in the style.

4. Her voice was as clear and sweet as those of a ——, and yet her thoughts as a —— were proud and arrogant.

5. As they passed by to go into the ——, they were dressed very prettily in ——.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES—NUMBER 17.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Penelope; pen-elope.

BEHEADINGS.—1, S-lave; 2, c-offer; 3, s-waddle; 4, a-miss; 5, a-rid; 6, m-eager; 7, c-luster; 8, v-alley; 9, l-anguish; 10, m-owed; 11, p-irate; 12, c-rudeness; 13, f-ailing; 14, h-arbor.

TWO SQUARE WORDS.—

W H I P	F I L M
H A V E	I D E A
I R O N	L E A K
P E N S	M A K E

ANAGRAMS.—Bed to clean, Nelly. Bit? O, no, rabbie. Swell if bosh. If ship lot.

MEMORY GEMS.

Do thy little, do it well,
Do what right and reason tell.
Do thy little, God has made
Million leaves for forest shade;
Smallest stars their glory bring,
God employeth every thing.
All the little thou hast done,
Little battles thou hast won,
Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne,—
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies.

—*Anon.*

MR. CORLISS AND THE BIRDS.

The late Edward Corliss, of Providence, the inventor and manufacturer of the great Corliss engine, was a man who valued his business largely for the opportunities which it brought him of doing thoroughly and unpretentiously humane acts. Very many stories are told at Providence of his generosity to people in his employ, and especially of a way he had of coming to some employee or workman who looked ill or overworked, or who had complained of having a hard time, and saying to him, "Now, look here; you are not looking well. You had better go off somewhere for a rest for a few weeks, and I will take care of your family while you are gone." And the man was started off on a vacation of months, if months were needed, without any apprehension on his mind as to the needs of his family.

Mr. Corliss, not very long before his death, had occasion to build an addition to his manufactory—a big "L," for additional machinery. To prepare the foundation of this L, it was necessary to remove a ledge of rock by blasting. The men to do the work on the addition had been employed and put on the pay-roll; the materials had been purchased and brought to the building, and the work of blasting had begun. The next morning Mr. Corliss passed by the place where work was proceeding, when the foreman in charge, knowing his interest in pretty things, called him.

"See here, Mr. Corliss," said he; "here is a bird's nest that we've found, and that's got to go."

He showed the manufacturer a robin sitting upon a nest that had been built, fast and snug, in a crevice of the rock, among some bushes that grew there. The bird flew off her nest as the men came near, and showed five blue eggs, that looked as if they had just been laid.

"Can we move the nest somewhere else?" asked Mr. Corliss.

"I'm afraid not, sir. We'd tear it to pieces getting it out, and it isn't at all likely that you could get the bird to go to sitting again anywhere else. We've got to go on, so we may as well rip it out and throw the eggs away."

"No," said Corliss, "we won't disturb her. Let her bring out her brood right there."

"But we'll have to stop the work on the building!"

"Let us stop it, then."

And so orders were given that operations on the addition should be suspended. They were suspended; and the hands stood still, drawing their pay for doing nothing, or next to nothing, while the robin sat on her nest with her air of great consequence and zealous attention to business, and had her food brought her by her mate, and at last hatched her brood. And then there were three weeks more to go by, at the least, before the young ones could fly. Corliss visited the nest frequently, not with any uneasiness or impatience to have the robin and the young ones out of the way, but with a genuine interest in their growth. The old birds had all the time they wanted; and when at length they had sternly helped the clumsy, reluctant youngsters over the edge of the nest, and they showed themselves able to get about on their own hook, orders were given to resume the building operations; and the dull boom of the gunpowder, tearing the rocks apart, was heard when the birds had peeped.

It was an idle freak, a practical man would say, of a man who may have had more money than he knew what to do with. Perhaps it was a freak, but it was one of the sort of freaks that make the world better.—*Listener, in Boston Transcript.*

A HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

It was years ago, and I was in a New England country town, called there to speak for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Resting at a farm-house, a little fellow, in the glory of his first pants, came into the room, and after looking me over, announced, "I've got the heathen woman's friend, I have." Of course I thought of the paper of that name, so I replied: "Do you like the little paper, *The Heathen Woman's Friend*.

"Of course I like her: she 'longs to me, and she ain't paper, neither."

"What is she, then; come and tell me about her?"

"Well, you just come out o' doors, and I'll show her to you;" and he led the way. Through a long yard, a gateway and another yard he hurried me, till, pausing beside a stake to which a cord was tied, he pointed: "There, do you see her, 'The heathen woman's friend?'"

My eyes followed the cord, and the other end was tied around the leg of a silver-gray hen, which was clucking and scratching in a most motherly fashion for the chickens around her.

"Don't she look like the heathen woman's friend?" asked my little entertainer.

"I don't think I quite understand; you will have to explain this to me," I said.

"Well, you know about mission bands, don't you? You see, I'm in one of them, and we are going to get a lot of money. Jimmy Lake and John Jones have got a missionary hen, and papa gave me one. My Aunt Fanny, she said I'd better call mine 'The heathen woman's friend,' and so I did. We set her on some eggs, and how many chickens do you think she hatched?"

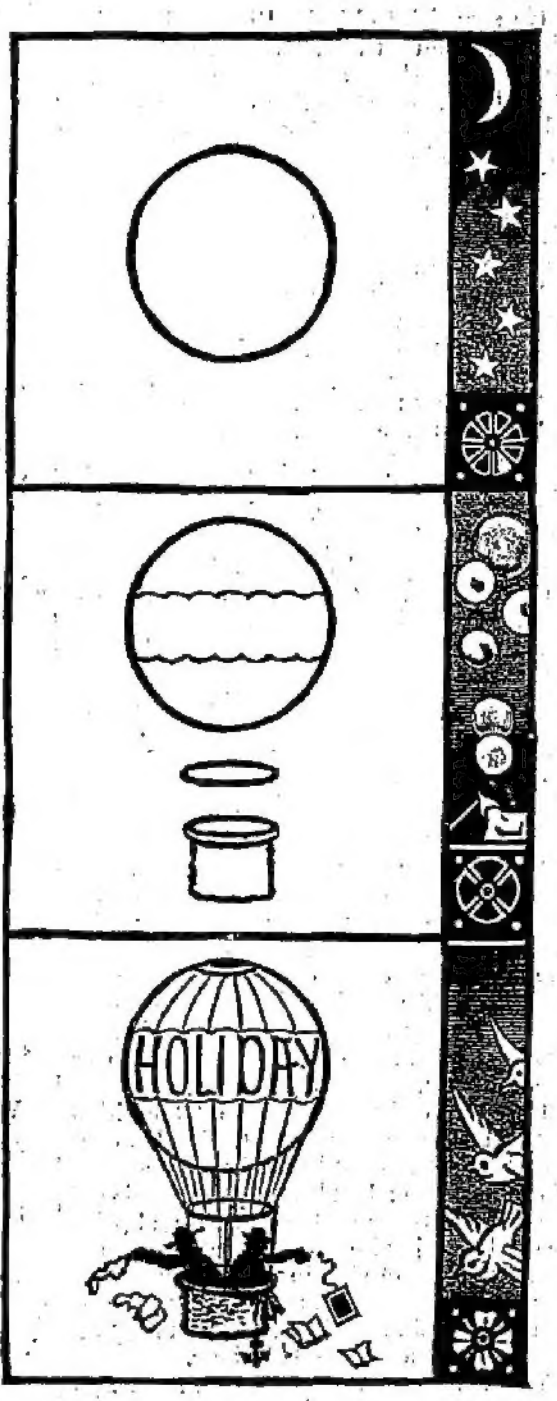
It seemed impossible to count the restless little things, but looking at Benny's beaming face, I said, "Oh, a dozen, I hope."

"Oh, she did better than that; we set her on thirteen eggs, and she hatched every one. Don't you think she's the heathen woman's friend?" he asked, triumphantly.

Further questions drew out the statement "papa is going to buy all the chickens that grow up, and I'm going to put all the money into mamma's mite-box. Don't you guess 'twill burst the top out, and the bottom too?"

In talking with the mother, I learned that considerable influence would be brought to bear by older brothers to test Benny's missionary zeal, and she promised to write me the results, which I give in brief. The "Friend" brought up the brood with the loss of only one chicken; and when the dozen were sold they made a nice sum, and Benny was told that he was under no obligations to give more than the price of one to missions. However, Benny was firm: "I promised 'em to the Lord, and I won't be mean enough to cheat him," and though he was teased and taunted, he held on: "I can't lie to the Lord;" and every cent was given as promised.—*Mrs. J. K. Barney.*

HOW TO DRAW A BALLOON



This is a circle or
a ring,
A bond or bound
for anything.

Add to the circle, if
you please,
Another ring and
Stilton cheese.

A few more changes,
and you'll soon
Behold a "Holiday"
balloon.

THE OLD TINDER-BOX.

Probably there are few children of the present day who have ever seen or even heard of the old-fashioned tinder-box and matches. Yet fifty years ago the friction match, now so universally used, had but just been invented, and did not come into general use for many years. Before the year 1836, or thereabouts, housekeepers were obliged to use matches of domestic manufacture. These were small pieces of white pine wood, perhaps twice the size of our match, the ends of which had been dipped in melted brimstone. A small iron skillet in which to melt the brimstone, was once a common kitchen utensil in many families in New England, if not elsewhere. The only way to light one of these brimstone matches was to bring it in contact with a spark of fire. For this purpose there used to be kept in every house a small tin box filled with burnt rags, and this was called a tinder-box. In order to obtain a light, a common gun flint was struck with considerable force against a piece of steel made of convenient size, which produced a few sparks, these lodging upon the burnt rags, made sufficient fire to enable one to readily light the match. These smouldering rags, for the sparks thus obtained did not produce a blaze, were afterwards extinguished by a round tin cover called a damper. To thus create fire required some experience, especially in damp weather, or with cold fingers on winter mornings.

We have known people to make "a bad piece of work" with the flint and steel, and to succeed only with *great patience* in "striking a light." If one happened to be cross or nervous, the chances were that he could not succeed at all; nor was it an unfrequent sight to see the good wife of the house running across the street with a shovel to borrow a shovelful of "live coals" from a neighbor, the chimney smoke of whose dwelling proclaimed that she had a fire. The change to the match of commerce was one of the first of what we now consider modern convenience. In many families it was one of the children's "chores" to prepare wood for the matches, and to dip the ends in melted brimstone. These matches were sometimes to be bought in shops, but New England economy more frequently led each family to prepare its own. Still it was not uncommon for poor children to make a trifle of money by selling matches to their more unfortunate neighbors.

In sparsely-settled neighborhoods great care was exercised at night by the head of the house to "keep the fire." He took precaution that there should be a good bed of "live coals" at the hour of retiring; these he covered with many shovelfuls of ashes to prevent them from burning out. The next morning the coals were usually found to be "live" on raking open the ashes, and served to start the day's fire. It was not an impossible feat to thus preserve the family fire through the year without recourse to tinder-box or matches. The modern friction match was welcomed by most housekeepers, although here and there some old people objected to it, considering it a dangerous article, as no doubt it is when carelessly used or left lying about. The first friction match invented, required to be drawn across a piece of fine sand-paper in order to produce a light. This was called a lucifer, and was much safer, although not so convenient as the present match. Then came the present patent friction matches, which used to be called "locofocos." There were no fancy match-boxes in "old times," and the tinder-box was not considered an ornamental article, but was kept out of sight in the cupboard or on the kitchen mantel-piece.—*Henry Brooks, in Wide Awake.*

WOMAN'S MISSION.

Dr. Herrick Johnson says in "Christianity's Challenge:" "I stand amazed before the revelations of the last decade as to how a woman may help Christ's kingdom come. What unused and unguessed resources have been lying hid, which this 'woman's work for woman' has called out of the secret places and sent on missionary errands around the world! It is the dawn of a new day, and there scarcely has been a brighter since the angels made the Judean air thick with melody when Jesus was born. It looks, after all, as if the strategic point in the warfare for this world's supremacy were the heart of woman. That won, and the family is won. And when up goes the family, down goes heathenism.

FOUR THINGS come not back: the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.—*Mohammedan Proverb.*

WHAT CAN I DO TO-DAY.

"What can I do to-day?
Not praise to win, or glory to attain:
Not gold, or ease, or power or love to gain,
Or pleasure gay;
But to impart
Joy to some stricken heart,
To send a heaven-born ray
Of hope, some sad, despairing
Soul to cheer—
To lift some weighing doubt,
Make truth more clear,
Dispel some dwarfing fear,
To lull some pain,
Bring to the fold again,
Some lamb astray;
To brighten life for some one,
Now and here,
This let me do to-day."

—*A. R. W. from the Altruist.*

DIALOGUES OF THE DAY.

(*Laurens, in Standard.*)

THE CHURCH SUBSCRIPTION.

This is not the report of a Monday club session, but a momentary and monetary digression. Many people dislike digressions, especially along the line of benevolence. They can stand any number of sermons on Christian living, but get tired if ever there is one on Christian giving. Yet there is no actual Christian living without giving.

Now that Dr. Ashmore and the Minnesota brethren have stirred up the people so much about this proportionate and systematic giving, our bright young pastor thought it a good time to try to introduce the weekly envelope system and exterminate the annual deficit system. The latter had been in vogue for some seventy odd years, however, in which the church finances had never come out even, while the pastors had come out as best they could, and often come out to stay out. No sooner did Parson Timothy wring these financial facts out of the unwilling trustees than he declared that the church must have a new plan of pay in the pew or a new preacher in the pulpit. He could not be pastor of a dishonest, non-debt-paying church, and that was the end of it.

But it was only the beginning of it, rather. For the people had the good sense to love their young pastor so much that they were willing to revolutionize the entire church machinery for him, if he insisted. And in this matter he did insist. He said it was a strange thing if the church of Christ, professing its standard of ethics the purest and highest on earth, holding the revelation and commission of the Father and Saviour of the world, were free at the same time to set a financial example that must make every honest, moral business man blush with shame. He avowed his belief that, to say the very least, honesty in church is as much a requirement as honesty in commerce, and that a professing Christian who gave nothing to the cause of *Christ at home and abroad* would receive just about the same amount as he gave, and get more than his deserts then. Oh, it would have done your heart good to hear *him talk to the church officers* about it; that is, if you had not been one of the non-givers or the stingy class, like Deacon Gripdollar, who quoted approvingly the saying of the miserly member who notified the treasurer that he would surrender his pew at the end of the quarter, as the doctor said he couldn't possibly live the half-year out, and thus save that much.

Well, with tact and grace and grit and hard work, the old prejudices were gotten out and the new system brought in. How we are getting on with it you shall know later. Just now I want to insert here the parson's crowning hit, which disposed of the last objectors and nearly doubled the original subscriptions. It was at the final meeting, when the question of individual ability and responsibility was being considered, and the plea of poverty had been advanced. The young pastor said he would like to read them "An Imaginary Dialogue between Peter and Priscilla Popkins, members of the Immemorial Church of Alwaysbehindtime, U. S.," which, he added, must not be mistaken for US. No one objecting, he read:

SETTLING THE SUBSCRIPTION.

SCENE—Supper-table in the Popkins' comfortable home.

PETER—Well, Priscilla, I suppose we'll have to do something about that new-fangled subscription. The church treasurer's been after me again, and says next Sunday's the first. He says everybody will have to do something nice, or the church can't carry on its work under this voluntary plan. I declare I don't see why churches have to have so much money.

PRISCILLA—They don't have to, Peter. It's a wicked extravagance. The minister's the best-off man in the church, or would be, if he'd save his money, like other prudent people, and not always be helping everybody. I do believe he gave more dollars last year in what he calls benevolence than we did pennies. I wish I had as much money as his wife has, I know that; and if she doesn't use it wisely, it isn't my fault. They could get along on less salary and make less show. That's a lovely bonnet she's got, though, and I've set my heart on having one just like it.

PETER—Buying bonnets won't pay this subscription, as I see. How much shall *we make it?* I *feel* pretty poor this year. I suppose we'll have to keep the half-pew.

PRISCILLA—Yes, though there are only two of us, and they might let us rent out a sitting, if they weren't trying to get all a body's got.

PETER—(contemplatively)—Well, let us see. If we give ten cents a week each, that's $10.40—forty cents more than the pew-price. I think it's small business to put in those two extra weeks, instead of making it even change, and I said so. But the treasurer—he always has some excuse ready for being small—said the pastor has to live those two weeks the same as the *other fifty*; that he can't get through 'em on an air diet. I didn't have a good answer ready, and had to take the laugh. So we'll call it twenty cents a week. But not *a cent* extra if they run behind, I can tell 'em that in advance!

PRISCILLA—Twenty cents a week is a good deal, Peter. But we must have that seat, or else Mrs. Flamingout would take it, and I'd never sit back of her, if I left the church first.

So Peter—whose income is $25 a week—fills out his blanks for ten cents each weekly, with an air of virtuous resignation, as though he were giving one-half of all he earned. Then he starts for his overcoat.

PRISCILLA—Where are you going, Peter? I think you *might* stay at home with me to-night.

PETER—O, I want to go down-town for an hour or two. Tompkins is going to meet me, and—

PRISCILLA—Yes, I saw the notice of the great polo game. That's always the way, when it isn't lodge night, or the company drill. Well, if you go there, you've got to do something for my pleasure, too. Stop in at Smack's and bring me a box of—you know the kind I like.

PETER—All right, my dear.

And, glad of so easy terms, off sets Peter, the philanthropic Popkins. But stay—first he must *light his cigar, price three for a quarter.* Then, on meeting, he must offer a second to Tompkins. His admission to the polo game is thirty-five cents. The box of *chocolate for Priscilla costs him forty cents.* He smokes another cigar on the way home. And his evening has cost him a round dollar—or five times the total *of his family subscription to the church for* a whole week.

While Peter's militia company never costs him less than $15 a year, his lodge $10 more, his cigars $100, his wife's candy $25, and their amusements far more than $100, a total of $250 at very low estimate spent in the field of luxury if not extravagance—their joint giving to the church of Christ reaches the generous sum of $10.40, plus a quarter for each of the four great missionary and educational causes presented during the year!

How many of the Popkins family are there in our churches? What is the outcome of being rich toward self and poor toward God? When will men and women give as much money to Christ's church and cause as they spend in purely personal pleasure and gratification?

The answer to this last question will help decide the date of the millennium. Brother, sister, how about your church subscription?

HERE ENDS THE DIALOGUE.

BEGINNING FAMILY WORSHIP.

A young man of fashion, wealth and education, and high social position, at a mid-day prayer-meeting *felt in himself the* hope that maketh not ashamed, and realized a Saviour very precious to his soul. He believed that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven his sins, and determined that he would never be ashamed of Christ. He would acknowledge and honor Him everywhere.

The opportunity, the time and place, soon came. He was returning to his home in the evening. "Now," said he, "I must honor and obey God in my family. I must set up family worship."

"Oh, no," said the tempter, "not yet. Don't be in a hurry. Take time. Get a little stronger, and then you can go on better."

"I must begin to-night. I do not know what my wife and sister will say: but it is a duty and I am resolved to do it, and trust God for the rest. I must pray in my family."

"Not to-night," said the tempter; "you don't know how to pray. You have never prayed much. You are not acquainted with the language of prayer. Wait and learn how first."

"No, no; I must pray to-night, I will pray to-night. Get thee behind me, Satan!"

He passed into his dwelling, and into his library, and there, before God, his Heavenly Father, and in the name of the Lord Jesus, he poured out his heart, and asked for strength and grace from on high to assist him in his duty.

When he met his wife that evening, she saw at once that a great change had taken place in him, but said nothing. At length he asked *her:*

"Would you have any objections to our having family worship?"

After a moment's surprise and hesitation, she said, with true politeness:

"Certainly not, if it is your pleasure."

"Bring me a Bible then, please, and draw up under the gas-light, and let us *read and pray.*"

He read a chapter, and then kneeled down, but his wife and sister sat upright in their seats, and he felt that he was alone on his knees. He lifted up his eyes to God, and cried out in the bitterness of his soul, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and gathering strength, he went on in his prayer, pouring out his most earnest cries and supplications that God would have mercy on his beloved wife and sister. So earnest, so importunate, was that prayer that God would show his converting power and grace on the spot, that the heart of his wife was melted and overcome, and she slipped from her seat upon her knees beside him, and putting her arms around his neck, ere she was aware she burst out into one agonizing cry to the Lord Jesus for mercy on her soul; and then the sister knelt down by his other side, and, she, too put her arms around him, and burst into a flood of tears.

He continued to pray; he devoted himself and those with him to God. He confessed and bewailed his and their manner of life hitherto; he pleaded the promise of God to all those that seek him, and with unspeakable joy he made mention of the amazing grace of God in the pardon of his sins, and he besought that they all might find and obtain together peace and forgiveness through a crucified Saviour.

The submission was complete; the surrender was fully made; repentance and faith sprang up together in the hearts of all three, and as they rose from their knees, it was to acknowledge *each to the other* what new determinations and resolutions and consecration they each had made during the progress of that first prayer in the family in that parlor, *of all they were,* and all they would be, or should be to Christ.

Since that first prayer in the parlor God has been daily acknowledged *in the same* place by the same circle.—*Presbyterian Advocate.*

Question Corner.—No. 17.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

49. Who was the first drunkard?
50. Who was the first total abstainer?

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